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FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE LAST WEEK.



BY MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

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FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

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FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

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FROM THE SIXTY-FIFTH THOUSAND OF THE LONDON  
EDITION.

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ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,  
900 BROADWAY, COR. 20th ST.



# Frances Ridley Habergal.

## THE LAST WEEK.

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MY DEAR CECILIA :

Knowing that you and many others wish for some particulars of my beloved sister's last days, I write out for you some notes made at the time.

Your aunt Frances had been unusually well for some weeks, and her dear friend, the Baroness Helga Von Cramm, who was staying with us, remarked on her improved health and exceeding brightness. She lessened her desk work in order to show her

friend the many walks on the sea-cliffs and in the valleys, which, even through the winter, had been her unfailing delight. On Saturday, May 17th, she watched attentively the Baroness finish on the sand-banks her sketch of the Mumbles Lighthouse.

On Sunday, the 18th, we went to our parish church of Oystermouth, and Frances afterward expressed the extreme pleasure she had derived from the exquisite and reverent playing of her friend, Arthur Bateson, the organist. When the afternoon service in the village school-room was over, we went to every house with tracts, giving notice (with our Vicar's consent) of an evangelistic and temperance meeting on the following Friday. Every child in the village, except two boys, had signed her pledge-book—also some whole families.



On Tuesday, May 20th, her Temperance Regiment came on our lawn, and with her own inexpressible vivacity she marshaled them. They marched and they sang, while recruits were brought up to sign her book in the porch. Every boy or girl who brought another to sign was at once called an "officer," and given something to do. When she dismissed the party, her "officers" clustered round her to receive papers wherewith to canvass the village for Friday's meeting. She came in to supper, bright but weary, saying, "Those dear boys! they are first-rate! And as for their eyes, they quite rivet me. I asked one boy why he was going to sign, and he said, 'Because Jesus Christ never got drunk, and I don't mean to.' Wasn't it capital?"

Wednesday, May 21st, was a rainy day, and Frances kept incessantly at her desk

and type-writer, trying to keep pace with her daily flood of proofs and letters. For the last three years strangers and others constantly wrote to ask her opinion on all conceivable subjects, and for several months past the correction of some proofs was a great pressure on her over-wrought powers; as she said, "It is these proofs and business letters that hinder me from writing down flashes of hymns and poems and Bible thoughts that keep coming. What am I to do? If I don't answer, it does not seem courteous, and yet the burden is so great I can not sit down to my new papers after hard work at these proofs and letters."

It was a damp day, and I urged her not to keep her promise to meet some men and boys on the Newton village bank; but she went, and they swarmed round her while she pleaded with them not only to

be temperate, but to “drink the water of life freely.” She then, as always, spoke of the Lord Jesus as her living, loving Saviour. While on the exposed bank, strange-looking heavy clouds came up from the Channel, and she returned thoroughly wet and exhausted. She was chilly all night, but was at her desk soon after nine A.M. as usual. Being Ascension Day, she intended to go to the full morning service, but I persuaded her to go with Helga to the Communion only. There was no sermon, and all was so soon over that I met them at the church gate. Frances looked very tired, and said she would take a donkey home. At dinner she told us that at the Stand she said, “Now, boys, I will be fair; which is the donkey I’ve never had? ‘Mine, Miss.’ ‘Why, Fred Rosser, you are just the boy I am after! Do you know that

you and Gwyn are the two boys in the village who have not signed?' Then I had it all out with him, and he's all right! Marie, I had quite a procession through the village; nearly all my Regiment came after me." Helga said, "Of course you talked to them, and that is why you look so tired." Frances said, "Of course I flung words to them! Those dear fellows! they have twisted themselves around my heart entirely. When I got to our gate I ran for my temperance book, and turned the donkey-saddle into a desk, and then and there Rosser signed it; is it not good?" There was a fine young sailor, W. Llewellyn, going to sea on Friday; the rest of his family had signed, and Frances was extremely anxious for him to do so—"Think how it will save him from temptation, Marie dear; and you know I don't talk of

temperance only, it is such a chance to get at them for Christ ; ” so, although evidently unfit to go out, she went with her last message—the last time her feet were

“ Swift and beautiful for Thee ! ”

On Friday, May 23d, she breakfasted in bed, but afterward went into her pretty study—“ workshop,” as she called it—and sat by the fire. Dr. J. came to see the Baroness that morning, and we persuaded Frances to let him prescribe for her also. He said she needed quiet rest in bed, and some medicine ; and I begged him to come again. All that afternoon she was arranging for the meeting at seven, and put in order 150 large temperance cards to be given away. Our Vicar and Mr. Bishop, from Swansea, had agreed to come. To them she sent her wishes for bright, short

addresses, and for gospel truth to pervade the whole.

To me she said, "Marie dear, you will do it so much better than I could; meetings never were in my line. I wish you to give out the cards, and tell the people from me, I am not able to come, but I send two messages from my Bible: to those who have signed, 'Behold, God Himself is with us for our Captain' (2 Chron. xiii. 12); to those who have not signed, 'Come thou with us, and we will do thee good'" (Num. x. 29). The room was crowded, but the one brightest face was absent. A friend brought in a splendid bouquet of flowers. I said, "Who shall have these?" And every voice shouted, "Our Miss Frances." That evening she stitched a strong paper bag, and filled it with tracts for W. Llewellyn to take to sea.

Early on Saturday, May 24th, her silver whistle called me to her side. I found her feverish, and gave her some tea, and after a time, a cooling draught. The dear Baroness left us that afternoon. They then little thought their pleasant intercourse was over.

In a pencil note which she wrote that day to a friend, she said, "I am in bed again with another of these tryingly frequent feverish attacks. The fact is, I have knocked myself up with this temperance work; but having got the *whole* rising generation of the village into my Temperance Regiment, except four naughty little black sheep, seems to me quite worth being knocked up for!"

I have no account of Sunday, May 25th.

On Monday she could not attend to all that came by post, including a letter from the Church Congress inviting her to write

a paper on Hymnology for its meeting at Swansea, in October. She was pleased to get the first proof of "Morning Stars," her new book for children. She corrected the first page, on the text, "I am the Bright and Morning Star," and instructed me to explain to the printer that she wished spaces left for the little readers themselves to write in the verse of each reference. As with her feet, so now with her hands, the last time she employed them was in the service of her King. On Wednesday, May 28th, she had much internal pain, which did not yield to fomentation and other remedies. That night, after a short sleep, she awoke in extreme agony, poor darling; even screaming, and yet moaning, "Oh, I hope it's not wrong; but it is like sharp knives piercing, piercing!" As our able and careful doctor, who had been to see her three



times, was suffering from toothache, she said, "Don't call him up; send to Swansea." So I aroused our good landlord to fetch a well-known and skillful medical man, and he returned in the early morning with Dr. Davis and her own doctor. A change of remedies was tried, and leeches and constant fomentation ordered. Before Dr. Davis left, Frances asked him to pray with her, which he did most beautifully. I then telegraphed for a most experienced nurse,\* whom, a year before, Frances had playfully engaged to come whenever she should be ill.

Instead of constantly mentioning her symptoms, let me tell you, dear Cecilia, that both doctors considered it a severe case of "peritonitis"—that is, universal internal inflammation—and that her ex-

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\* Sarah Calverly, from the Derby Institute.

tremely delicate organization intensified the severity of the pain. Ice in milk, and refreshing draughts were ordered to be frequently given, and pine-apple water she took as her "treat." Opiates were taken, but failed to give ease or continuous sleep. Her sufferings throughout were *unusually and keenly severe*; and I believe God permitted this bodily agony to convince some dear, gloomy Christians that Frances' naturally sunny temperament was not the cause of her joy in life as now in death. "How will she do 'in the swellings of Jordan?'" said some. But her confident and joyful trust in God's promises never failed, and to the praise of His glory, I may say, she rejoiced in tribulation, and glorified God in the fires.

During Friday, May 30th, the dear sufferer said, "It would be very nice to go

now, and not to go through all this again.”  
 “What vanity, if our assurance of salvation rested on our *own* obedience, as Mr. B. preached one Sunday; that doctrine of merit does away with the atoning blood of Christ.” I repeated, “Unto Him that washed us from our sins in His own blood,” etc. (Rev. i. 5).

F. “Yes, that’s it!”

M. “Have you any fear to go, darling?”

F. “Why should I? Jesus said, ‘It is finished;’ and what was His precious blood shed for? Yes, I do trust Him and have perfect peace, but not so much joy as at other times. And, Marie dear, God is dealing differently with me in this illness; I do not know what He means by it. In other illnesses He always gave me new thoughts for my books, and I could always write a poem: now, nothing new comes at all to

me.” She continued, “I have peace ; but it is *Himself* I want.”

M. “It is like the little boats on that stormy sea : they did not row back to Jesus, but Jesus came at last and drew nigh to them, and then He said, ‘It is I ; be not afraid.’ ”

F. “That’s nice !”

Some time before this she said, “I have such an intense craving for the music of Heaven ; nothing here ever satisfies me. I have a strong inborn love of harmony—part-singing—that was delicious with the Sankeys and Mr. Batteson—and last week singing with Helga and the two brothers—it was exquisite !”

Saturday, May 31st.—My poor darling said, “Marie, my tongue is strangely sore and dry ; I know well now what that verse means, ‘My tongue cleaveth to my gums.’

I have had everything I could wish in this illness ; and no one could nurse me better than you have done."

M. "Do you at all regret coming to live here?"

F. (*smiling*). "I should think not ! The pleasantest time I ever had—delicious !"

In the afternoon Frances said, "Fetch me Mary Fay's card, 'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,' and bring a nail. I can see those nice large letters, and put it quite straight under Helga's 'Glacier.'" And then she added, "Ask Jesus that it may not be long before He speaks to me Himself—some little love-token. If I am taken now I do not think it will be very long before you come ; and be sure none of you put on crape for me, not one scrap !"

I had telegraphed for her sisters and

brother. They came, but were not allowed to see her for some hours. When the nurse came, after a weary journey of two hundred and forty miles, Frances said, "Nursie, perhaps you have come to say 'Good-bye' to me. Do you think I am going?" Nurse told her she was very ill, but still she hoped she would be spared to us. Early on Whit-Sunday, June 1, she said, "Nurse, I feel a little better; I have got round the corner; I am disappointed—I want to go home." Her extreme consideration for us all was beautiful. She was tenderly anxious that I should not get over-tired, and often begged me to go and rest. To our good maid also she showed much thoughtful kindness. Once she said, "Marie dear, you have been very brave, but don't force yourself; have a cry: but maybe I shall get well," then she whispered softly, "I am

sure 'I am not worthy to be called His son,' or His servant; but Jesus covers all. I never could make some friends understand, at the time of the 'holiness' movement, how tremendously I saw my unworthiness, but in Him completeness, and in Him strong to overcome sin."

M. "Not *our* worthiness, but 'Worthy is the Lamb!'"

F. "Yes, that is it!"

Again she said, "God is always right. I told my nice doctor that the Lord makes no mistakes; and, though this illness upsets all my Irish plans, it's all right! I asked him if there was a chance of my going now." On asking if she could see her sister, she said, "Duckie! will it help you? Now you will take turns and rest yourself, Marie." When her brother came, on telling her that, through his carriage accident,

he missed a train, and had been traveling all night, she said, "Frankie, I do love you dearly; so good and kind to come! Do you remember, when we knelt together at dear papa's dying bed, what you said to me?—how that comforted me! Ever since I trusted Jesus *altogether* I have been so happy, so peaceful; I can not tell you what Jesus has been to me, so good, so altogether lovely!"

She was extremely pleased with a letter from Frank's twins, and the verse Willie sent her, "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," and said, "I hope Willie and Ethelbert will be ambassadors for Christ, even if they are not clergymen; oh, I hope they will win souls!"

The nurse repeatedly gave her milk, saying, "We must do all we can to keep you; but you want to go."



F. "I don't want to be impatient; God's time is best."

My sister Ellen reminded her that St. Paul said, "The will of the Lord be done, and let Christ be magnified whether by my life or death."

F. "Yes, that is it."

When E. spoke of the "Glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them," Frances said, "Perhaps to-night! I have not strength to send messages to *yours*. I should have liked my death to be like Samson's, doing more for God's glory than by my life; but He wills it otherwise."

Often through this Sunday she expressed a longing to go, and in the evening Frank said, "Do you feel your strength failing or increasing?"

F. "Failing. I am just waiting for Jesus to take me in. Frankie, it's so pleasant

you are come ; I felt I could not go without your giving me one kiss." Then she asked to be quite alone with him for some time.

The sickness was incessant every two or three minutes for the last forty-eight hours ; she bore it so patiently, saying, " It comes more easily now : He is staying His rough wind in the day of His east wind." Kneeling by her and seeing her patient agony, I said, " My poor darling, this is dreadful ! Marie will not wish you back once."

With the brightest smile she answered, " You darling ! for saying that."

She awoke after a short sleep on Sunday night, exclaiming, " I am so disappointed ; I thought I should awake in Heaven."

The nurse said, " Did you, dearie ? but you are spared to us a little longer."

" Yes ; I thought I was cowslipping."

Craving for more air, she asked our good Mary to leave the room, but whispered, "Explain to her. She must not be hurt, but I want air; it is food to me." Window and door were always open now; and sometimes fanning relieved the oppression. I forgot to mention that one day previously, Dr. D. said, "Miss Havergal, we are anxious you should have all the aid possible."

F. "Do you mean divine aid?"

Dr. "No; that we have asked for. But if you or your sister have the least wish for another medical opinion, say so."

F. "Oh, dear, no, I have perfect confidence in you both; please do not: but tell me what is the element of danger?"

Dr. "You are very seriously ill; and the inflammation is increasing."

F. "I thought so. But if I am going,

it is too good to be true. I shall go just when Jesus likes." The night passed in pain and sickness, with an occasional doze.

Whit-Monday, June 2d, about eight A.M. Frances said, "Call Frank." He was already at her door partly dressed, with the "Visitation of the Sick" in his hand. A strong impulse had come over him to see her without delay. He knelt, and said, "Could you bear a few words of prayer?"

F. "Oh, yes; I should so like it."

After one sentence she said, "Stop, let it be a sacramental service; sisters and all, kneel down."

In a moment I broke off some bread waiting for nurse's breakfast, and placed it on her own crystal stand. Dry champagne was at hand, which her brother poured into a wine-glass. All was ready, and we felt the Saviour also present.

She joined in the Confession, and also most emphatically in "It is meet and right so to do," and "Therefore with angels," etc. After the prayer of Consecration, and his own receiving of the elements, Frank began to say the words individually to each. Frances solemnly said, "Let the words be spoken *once* to *all*." After the Blessing she lay peacefully. Frank said, "It has been such a pleasure thus to join with you."

F. "Frank dear, it is not the performance of the rite—*no safety in that*; but I wished it in obedience to His command, and as a remembrance of His dying love."

Frank. "Quite so, dear; just as a memorial of His death."

An hour after she whispered to me, "I was delighted with the clear way Frank put

it, and I'm glad he did not mind his shirt-sleeves; I thought I was just going then, and no time to be lost. Why tarry His chariot wheels?"

M. "He really is coming for you, dear! and I quite say 'Thy will be done;' and I would not keep you back from Him."

F. "'*Not one thing hath failed,*' tell them all round; trust Jesus: it's simply trusting Jesus."

About ten A.M. her doctors came, and morphia was to be injected in her arm. The sleeve being tight, she said, "Let Maria do it—she knows how: cut it in the seam, not to spoil it for other people."

When Dr. D. was leaving, he knelt by her and said, "Good-bye; I shall not see you again."

F. "Then do you really think I am going?"

He said "Yes."

F. "To-day?"

Dr. "Probably."

F. "Beautiful! too good to be true!"

Soon after she opened her eyes with such a smile! "How splendid it is to be so near the gates of Heaven!" My brother began to read "Rock of Ages." Frances said, "Sing 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' to dear papa's tune, 'St. Chrysostom,'\* and play it on my harp-piano. You must sing from the copy that has 'Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein.' Oh, it is Jesus that is so dear to me! I can't tell how precious!—how much He has been to me!" After that she sent to tell him to play the same tune again to "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!" and that he was now to sing the bass part and her sisters the treble. He played other tunes, the soft notes float-

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No. 53, Havergal's *Psalmody*.

ing in and around her. When he came back, she said, "Frank, do you think I shall be disappointed again, and not go to Jesus after all? I feel easier now."

As he could not speak just then, I answered, "Darling, we are quite sure you are going to Him, and we are glad for you."

She smiled, saying, "Jesus will be glad. Oh, He is so dear and so good!"

By and by she heard the Vicar of Swansea was down-stairs, and said, "Ask him up." He took her hand. "You have talked and written a great deal about the King: now you will soon see Him in His beauty. Dear sister, is Jesus with you now?"

F. "*Of course!* It is splendid. I thought He would have left me here a long while; but He is so good to take me so soon. Give my love to dear Mrs. Morgan, and ask her to tell her dear girls of the Associa-



tion,\* that what she and I have told them is all right—it is all true: tell them Jesus is a good big foundation to rest upon. Give my love to Mr. Aitken,† and tell him to speak plainly about Jesus. I want him to tell young clergymen to be faithful ambassadors, and win souls. I want all of you to speak *bright* words about Jesus—oh, do, do, *do*! And give my love to Dr. Wrenford, and say, I can never thank him enough for his help. It is all perfect peace: I am only waiting for Jesus to take me in.”

“Tell Mrs. Morgan to come and look at me, but I can’t speak out.” When she came, Frances whispered, “There is no bottom to God’s mercy and love; all His promises are true.” To her sisters she said, “You don’t think it wrong for me to be glad to

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\* Young Women’s Christian Association.

† Rev. W. H. Aitken.

go away and leave you? But I wish I could help groaning and screaming, is it wrong? This illness has been so painful all through."

I said, "You have been very, very patient, darling; the doctors noticed it, and said you were different to any one else, and so calm, they could tell you anything: you really are glorifying God now."

"Oh, I am so glad you tell me this. I did want to glorify Him every step of the way, and especially in suffering, even in this furnace."

She listened, though in agony, to her brother's singing "Christ for me!"\* and your aunt Ellen repeated the verse—

"On Christ the solid Rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand,"—

adding, "I want to rejoice more that you,

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\* No. 493 in *Songs of Grace and Glory*.

dear Fanny, are on the Rock ; and we are, too, and we want no other."

Fanny answered, " It is the one God has laid for us."

About midnight her hands and feet became very cold ; her sisters rubbed them and her watchful nurse brought hot bottles.

Toward one o'clock A.M., Whit-Tuesday, June 3d, a change came, and there were restless tossings after long inability to move. While we were endeavoring to refresh her, one of the sisters repeated, " When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." Frances immediately said, " He *must* keep His word." Another time, when she was in distressing pain, one of us began, " Fear thou not ; for I am with thee." (Isaiah xli. 10). But neither of us repeated it correctly : our darling, with her own accuracy, set us right.

After a short doze she exclaimed, "I am lost in amazement! Not one thing of all His good promise hath failed; but I must not be impatient to be gone." The last thing she asked for was some coffee. "Marie, you make it your way! you always do things right." It was quickly brought, and with both hands she eagerly took the cup and drank it. "That's lovely! Now, Nursie, one little bit of bread and butter."

There were a few wandering words, such as "That arrangement about the meeting, it must stand over; I can't see to it." "That poor Welsh woman, she had no washstand or bookshelf!" "There is Miss Leigh's work in Paris, and Margaret C. working there all gratis! Strange I think of it now!" Then, with more consciousness, she whispered the names of many, H.

C., Johnnie, Constance—poor Connie!—  
and Ellen's children—"I love them all."

With a yearning, loving look she said, "I  
want all to come to me in Heaven; don't  
disappoint me any of you. From great to  
small, trust Jesus!" Ellen repeated—

"Jesus, I will trust Thee,  
Trust Thee with my soul;  
Guilty, lost, and helpless,  
Thou canst make me whole.  
There is none in Heaven  
Or on earth like Thee;  
Thou hast died for sinners,  
Therefore, Lord, for me." \*

Then, to our amazement, Fanny sang the  
whole verse through to her own tune, HER-  
MAS.†

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\* No. 569, *Songs of Grace and Glory*.

† No. 105, Havergal's *Psalmody*.

Then came a convulsive rush of sickness, Nurse saying, while gently supporting her, "My poor dearie, it will be home soon—can't be long now." Our very hearts bled to see that patient dear one in this agony, and we did cry, "Lord Jesus, take, oh, take her!"

After this terrible time, Fanny said, "There, it is all over! Blessed rest!" She folded her hands most beautifully, and nestled down in the pillows. And now she looked up steadfastly, and her eyes shone gloriously as if she were looking at her King; and the glad expression of her face was as if she were already speaking to Him. This steadfast expectant gaze lasted some minutes: then, instead of her moans, came a glad, glad sound, "Oh! oh! oh!" and then she tried to sing. Only one high, sweet note came, "He!"—gently dying

away. Still her eyes were unmoved, and shone with unearthly glory. Her brother commended her departing spirit into her Redeemer's hands. Gently, most gently, her breath ebbed away, and we saw that she was gone. I could only whisper,

“GLORIFIED.”

And now, dear Cecilia, I am, as always, your affectionate aunt,

MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

OAKHAMPTON, *June* 12, 1879.

## POSTSCRIPT.

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*It is impossible to answer the many letters of deep sympathy. This printed letter must be accepted as the answer to many inquiries.*

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I will explain why I have not called her by her home name "Fanny." She always disliked it, and much preferred her baptismal name of Frances, and always signed it so. Only a month ago she was delighted to find in one of her dear father's letters describing her baptism, "I do not like the name of Fanny, but gave way to the general wish; but Frances is her baptismal name, and that I like."

When she died, the love of the whole village was stirred: her "Regiment" brought flowers; carriages brought white crowns of costly exotics: not only her room, but the house was one bower. We made wreaths,



for Frances ever approved of such, and her eldest sister made a golden star (see Dan. xii. 3) of Banksia roses, and a poet's wreath of laurel and bay; and these we left, with many white crowns, on her tomb.

In death she looked smiling and lovely, and many craved to see their "angel-friend." Many then bore testimony. To the dear nurse, one said, "It was Miss Frances led me to Christ." Another, "It was her words that brought me in."

Frances had written down four years ago, "Let my coffin be simply deal." Her brother added simple white with a chaste device of crown and stars, and the Baroness supplied the plate, painting roses and forget-me-nots around the inscription.

On Monday, June 9th, at six A.M., all the villagers and many others stood in order round the lawn, after walking reverently

past the flower-crowned coffin, and the Vicar of Swansea read from her well-marked Bible, and then addressed the crowd of over three hundred present.

My brother and I brought her to Worcestershire, where relatives and distant friends joined in following her to her father's tomb in Astley Churchyard.

There, within sight of her birth-room, in the Rectory, and under the branches of the fir her father planted—and away beyond the hills and valleys of her childhood's haunts—we laid our sister “in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.”

There had been heavy storms all day, but as the service ended the sunshine came, and a chorus of birds burst forth, and so her sunny life and death ended in a bright ALLELUIA! AMEN.

In Loving Remembrance of

Frances Ridley Havergal,

Born December 14th, 1836;

Entered into the King's Palace with exceeding joy,  
at Caswell Bay, near Swansea, June 3d, 1879.

She was the youngest Daughter of the late

Rev. W. G. Havergal,

Hon. Canon of Worcester Cathedral.

Buried at Astley, Worcestershire, the place of her  
birth, on Monday, June 9th.

## OUTLINE OF ADDRESS,

BY REV. S. C. MORGAN, OF SWANSEA,

*To Sunday-school Children and others, at  
6:30 A.M., Monday, June 9th.*

YOU have just seen your dear friend taken away; and I want you to think of her death, that you may die like her. Many persons hope it will be all right when they come to die; and, when they see a funeral, they say, "Let me die the death of the righteous,"—but the way to die is to *live* to Christ, and in Christ, as she did.

I want you each, however, young or old, to say as her hymn says,

"Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

She not only wrote it, but she did it—she gave her life to Him.

Each of you has a *life* now; it is that life He wants—it may be but short—what are you doing with your life? Give it to Him!—work for Him—live to Him! She felt it a happy thing to live to Him! And then, when sickness came, she had nothing to do but die; her soul was safe—all was settled; she knew Jesus had done it all for her. He was “all her salvation and all her desire”—so hers was a happy death-bed—I have seen many death-beds—such different ones—some so dreadful in agony, for they knew not where they were going: one man cursed me for coming when he was dying. But hers was so happy. One of the doctors was much impressed by it, and said to me, “I never saw any one die so happily; she was quite delighted to go

—it was so real—that happiness.” It was not hard to die so. It was Jesus that made her happy—not what she was, or what she had done.

“I am not worthy,” she said, “but Jesus is: His blood cleanses me.” Think of your sins, “God requireth that which is past.” Don’t think *you* can cover them over. God sees them all. God must cover them. (1 John i. 7).

As I stood by her bed, she looked so bright, and said, “God’s love and mercy have no bottom to their depths—so deep—so high.” Yes, He is full of love. His name is not “Terrible,” but “Love.” Think what His love did for you. (John iii. 16). He did not give what cost Him nothing, but His most precious, beloved Son. She wished to speak of Him. You have heard her speak of Him. And she wrote in her

books about Him, about her King, and His Commandments, His Royal Bounty and Invitations. She delighted in Him; and He delighted in her—sustained and cheered her so consciously, so truly, that when I said, on taking my last leave of her, “The Lord is with you,” her glad reply was, “Of course He is”—not *will* be—but, like David, she could say, “Thou *art* with me.” (Ps. xxiii.)

Remember how she loved and cared for you; what interest she took in your Band of Hope; how she loved children and people. She did not say, “I am come here for rest and quiet;” but she was ever working among you for her Master’s sake, trying to bring you to Him.

But she is gone now—her body is carried away and her soul is gone to glory: but if you love Jesus as she did, you are

going to His palace, and you will see her there.

But while you are left here, what are you to do? Love Jesus! Live like Him! Work for Him as she did; and speak for Him, sing of Him. She was singing of Him *in death*—that beautiful hymn you have now sung—

“Jesus, I will trust Thee!”

Don't *say* you will trust; but do it; go to *Him* and tell Him so; let there be no misunderstanding, no putting it off. Come to Jesus now! and say, “I come to touch the hem of Thy garment; I come for cleansing; I come to accept Thee to be Thine forever.”

Some day you will wish you had come. You will think of to-day and say, “He was calling me then, He was touching me.”



Oh, then, come and touch Him now!—do it now!

Death has touched many here lately—but may God touch your hearts! Remember! it is happy to live *in* Jesus and for Him, and happy to die “in Him”—“living or dying” to be “the Lord’s.”

One Sunday I was preaching: some sailors dropped in, and the word came home to their hearts; and they told their wives they had given their hearts to the Lord. They soon had to go to sea—a storm came, and they were lost. When the news came to their wives, what could have comforted them but knowing they had given themselves to Jesus!

Thank God! He gave His life for me! and I give mine to Him! His arms are the arms to die in—they are safe indeed!





